

## BRITAIN'S HERO:

A

P O E M

ON THE

D E A T H

Of His GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of *Marlborough*.

Marlborough's *Exploits appear Divinely bright,*  
*And proudly Shine in their own Native Light;*  
*Rais'd of themselves, their Genuin Charms they boast,*  
*And those who Paint 'em trueſt, Praise 'em moſt.*

ADDISON's Campaign.

L O N D O N;

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(Price Sixpence.)



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100

TO  
HER GRACE  
THE  
Duchess Dowager  
OF  
MARLBOROUGH

This POEM is Humbly Dedicated

By Her GRACE's

*Most Humble, most Obedient,  
and Devoted Servant.*

# DATA SHEET

200

## Ph. H. G. V. G. B.

... und vom Schriftsteller

## Animal Kingdom



A

# P O E M

ON THE

## D E A T H

OF THE

### Duke of *Marlborough.*



S when some Earthquake in a distant  
Land

Shakes Kingdoms, Countries, all with  
Trembling stand,

Its baleful Shock astonish'd Nations bear,  
Each lab'ring Breast fill'd with a dire Despair;

B

Ev'n

Ev'n Nature groans with the tremendous Blast,  
 And all are into deep Confusion cast :  
 So when some Prince, or mighty Gen'ral dies,  
 All Men are Sharers in the vast Surprize ;  
 Fearful of Events, to Grief we are prone,  
 And Kingdoms, Empires, the Great Loss bemoan.

SUCH was our *Churchill*, of Immortal Fame,  
*Churchill!* that Glorious and that God-like Name ;  
 Who struck with Terror Kings and Climes afar,  
 And push'd Victorious Great *Europa's* War ;  
 Who made *Bavaria* and Count *Tallard* fly,  
 Whole Armies at his Feet expiring ly :  
 His Valiant Squadrons, fearless of all Harms,  
 Whilst He, their General, gave Laws to Arms.  
 As long as *Hockfet*, and th' adjacent Plain,  
 Shall *Marlborough's* Glory and his Fame remain ;  
 As long as *Blenheim* and *Ramille's* Tow'rs  
 Shall rear their Lofty Heads, like *Europe's* Pow'rs ;

As

As long as rapid *Danube's* Streams shall run,  
 Shall be recorded his Great Battles won :  
 So long as Time itself shall last his Fame,  
 And, Crown'd with Laurels, Deathleſs be his Name.

ms. Ashburnham  
 METHINKS I see the Hero in the Field,  
 And num'rous Forces to his Handfuls yield ;  
 His Men with Valour, with true Courage, fir'd,  
 And, at their Head, he with just Rage inspir'd ;  
 His Troops impatient, waiting his Command,  
 (And longing to engage, obedient stand)  
 Which giv'n, the shouting Squadrons lead the way,  
 And o'er contending Armies gain the Day.  
 Methinks I see them rush upon the Foe,  
 Dispensing Deaths by Thousands as they go ;  
 Their Thund'ring Cannon darken round the Sky,  
 And Millions slaughter'd, as their Victims ly ;  
 Death, in all Shapes, its mighty Pow'r extend,  
 Till Cries of Victors and of Vanquish'd blend,

Sad ghastly Dying Looks more Horror yield  
 Than all the Dangers of the Dreadful Field :  
 Then cease the Clashings of the Martial Host,  
 When Troops on Troops are in Death's Chaos lost ;  
 When Streams of Blood have dy'd the verdant Plain,  
 In Heaps around are seen, like Mountains, Slain ;  
 Here lie the Dead, and there the Living Fly,  
 And Victory ! Victory ! o'er the Camp's the Cry.  
 And then their General, with Laurels crown'd,  
 Great in the Councils, and in Arms renown'd,  
 With Triumph then returns, with Trophies New,  
 Who each Campaign did Provinces subdue :  
 Nor did Great *Marlborough* from his Conquests cease,  
 Till Mighty *Lewis* humbly su'd for Peace ;  
 Till *Gallia's* Haughty Prince did Suppliant wait  
 On Glorious *ANNA*, whom he made thus Great.

*HOMER*, long since, in his Immortal Lays,  
*Achilles* sung, and all his War-like Praise ;

Then

Then *Virgil* did the Great *Æneas* trace  
 From Camp to Court, thro' his fam'd Lineal Race :  
 Some have their *Scipio's*, and like Heroes prais'd,  
 Their Heroes to high Pitch of Glory rais'd,  
 In distant Times ; but *Marlborough* is the Chief,  
*Marlborough* ! who gave to *Europe* its Relief ;  
 To whom, as Conquer'd Nations at their Feet,  
 In Fame the Heroes past must all submit.

O ! were I like to *Homer* old inspir'd,  
 Or like to *Virgil* or Great *Milton* fir'd ;  
 O ! cou'd I sing in their Eternal Strains,  
 And shew Mankind that ancient Wit now reigns,  
 Then could I sing of Mighty *Marlborough's* Fame,  
 His Sieges, Battles, and his Pow'r proclaim ;  
 Depaint the Bloody Field, the Pomp of Arms,  
 The dreadful Slaughters, and the dire Alarms  
 Of *Europe's* Wars, when Glorious *Marlborough* led  
 His *English* Troops, and ev'ry Nation from them fled.

B U T I, unable, thus attempt to praise  
 Great *Marlborough's* Actions in my humbler Lays;  
 And now, alas! the Hero is no more,  
 How shall my Youthful Muse his Loss deplore?  
 Methinks I see great Numbers for Him mourn,  
 And Kings and Princes bowing to his Urn;  
 In Royal Tomb repos'd, his Body lie,  
 Whose Soul is fled above the Azure Sky:  
 In deep Concern his Widow'd Dutchesse view  
 Her Lord, her Husband, take her last Adieu;  
 With streaming Eyes, fix'd Looks, the Corpse survey,  
 And o'er her Prince thus mourn, this doleful say:  
 ' Farewel, my Lord, since nought that's Good and Great  
 ' Can be secure from Death's determin'd Fate;  
 ' Garlands and Trophies, Laurels shall be Thine;  
 ' To distant Ages shall thy Glory shine:  
 ' This Consolation even Fate contrives,  
 ' Death has no Victory where Fame survives:  
 ' Alas! Thou'rt gone, but yet methinks I see  
 ' Thee sharing Glories of Eternity;

' In Climes above, with ev'ry Virtue grac'd,  
 ' Amongst our Kings and ancient Heroes plac'd ;  
 ' Where endless Bliss and Angels Thee attend,  
 ' Joys without Ceasing, Honours without End ;  
 ' Where Peace and Love eternally shall last,  
 ' And Thou hast the Reward of thy great Actions past.

THEN do I see his Lovely Daughters share  
 Their Mother's Sorrow, with a filial Care :  
 His Nearest, and his Great, Relations all,  
 A Crowd of Nobles next Lament his Fall ;  
 In Tears his Servants, his Domesticks weep,  
 Around their Lord with wakeful Horror creep ;  
 The Army, for their Gen'ral, rend the Air ;  
 With mournful Musick, and in sad Despair :  
 And last of all, methinks I view, in State,  
 (Where Thousands on his sad Obsequies wait)  
 The open Chariot and Proceßion great ;  
 Coaches and Horses in a num'rous Train,  
 Magnificent to sight, but nothing vain ;

Escutcheons, Banners, all the Pomp of Death,  
 The goodly Trophies of departed Breath ;  
 The Solemn Fabrick and the Sacred Ground  
 Where Kings lie mouldring, who had there been  
 Crown'd :  
 The glitt'ring Heralds then aloud proclaim,  
*Here lies Great Marl'rough's Duke, the First in Fame.*



**F I N I S.**



